

THE
Jolly Broom-Man's Garland;

Wherein is contained Three

New Songs.

Song I. The Jolly Broom-Man; Or, the unhappy Boy turn'd Thrifty.

Song II. A comical Dialogue between an old Usurer of 80 Years of Age, and a young Lady of Nineteen.

Song III. A comical Dialogue between a Rich old Woman of 80 Years of Age, and a brisk young Man of Twenty Five.



Licen'd and Enter'd according to Order.

The Jolly Broom-man's Garland.

Song I. *The Jolly Broom-man, The unhappy Boy turn'd thrifty.*
To an excellent new Tune, much in request.

THere was an old Man, and he liv'd in a Wood,
 and his Trade it was making of Broom,
 And he had a naughty Boy *Jack* to his Son,
 and he lay in his Bed till 'twas noon, 'twas noon,
 and he lay in his Bed till 'twas noon.

No Father e'er had so lazy a Lad,
 with sleeping his Time did consume,
 In Bed where he lay still every Day,
 and would not go cut his green Broom, green Broom,
 and would not go cut his green Broom.

The Father was vext and sorely perplext,
 with Passion he enter'd the Room;
 Come Sirrah, he cry'd, I'll liquor your Hide,
 if you will not go gather green Broom, green Broom,
 if you will not go gather green Broom.

Jack lay in his Nest still taking his rest,
 and valu'd nor what was his doom;
 But now you shall hear his Mother drew near,
 and made him go gather green Broom, green Broom,
 and made him go gather green Broom.

Jack's Mother got up and fell in a rage,
 and Swore she would Fire the Room,
 If *Jack* did not rise and go to the Wood,
 and fetch home a Bundle of Broom, green Broom,
 and fetch home a bundle of Broom.

This wakned him straight before it was late,
 as fearing the terrible Doom,
 Dear Mother, quoth he, have pity on me,
 I'll fetch home a Bundle of Broom green Broom,
 I'll fetch home a Bundle of Broom.

Then *Jack* he arose and he slipt on his Cloaths,
 and away to the Wood very soon,

To

To please the old Wife he took a sharp Knife,
and fell to the cutting of Broom, green Broom,
and fell to the cutting of Broom.

Jack follow'd his Trade and readily made,
his Goods up for Country Grooms;
This done honest Jack took them on his Back
and cry'd; Maids will you buy any Brooms, green Brooms,
and cry'd, Maids will you buy any Brooms.

Then Jack he came by a Gentleman's House,
in which was abundance of Rooms;
He stood at the Door and began for to roar,
crying, Maids will you buy any Brooms, green Brooms,
and cry'd, Maids will you buy any Brooms.

I tell you they're good just fetch'd from the Wood,
and fitted for sweeping of Rooms;
Come handle my ware for Girls I declare,
yo never had better green Brooms, green Brooms,
you never had better green Brooms.

The Maiden did call the Steward of the Hall,
who came in his Silks and Perfumes,
And gave Jack his Price, and thus in a trice,
he sold all his Bundle of Brooms, green Brooms,
he sold all his Bundle of Brooms

Likewise to conclude they gave him rich Food,
with Liquor and Spices, Perfumes;
The hot Boil'd and Roast did cause Jack to boast,
no Trade was like making of Brooms, green Brooms,
no Trade was like making of Brooms.

For first I am paid and then I am made
right welcome by Stewards and Grooms;
Herc's Money, Meat and Drink what Trade do you think
compares with the making of Brooms, green Brooms?
compares with the making of Brooms

I have a good Trade more Goods must be made,
to furnish young Lasses and Grooms;
Wherefore I shall lack a Prentice, quoth Jack,
I'll teach him the making of Brooms, green Brooms,
I'll teach him the making of Brooms.

2d. *A comical Dialogue between an old Usurer
of 80, and a brisk young Lady of Nineteen.
Tune of, Taunton Dean.*

THere was an old Man of late we hear,
Worth several hundred Pounds a Year,
Whose Chops did water at a young Lass,
For her Tolderalal, and her charming Face,
Fal der la, la, &c.

Like a grove Uferer he did go,
With black Velvet Coat and Band also,
And thus the young Miss he began to woo,
Sweet Lady, I long to be toying with you,
Fal, &c.

O my dear Jewel, Love, and Joy,
Thou Beauty of Beauties be not coy,
I'm just in the Humour to sport and play,
You shall not, you must not say me nay.
Fal, &c.

Your Vermillion Cheeks, and rowling Eyes,
And Milk-white Bubbies, do so surprize,
That I could cut Capers unto the Skies,
For something under your Petticoats lies.
Fal, &c.

Young Woman.

I pray *Methusalem*, been't so bent,
Indeed you shan't touch my Copy-hold;
Your bald Pate discovers how old you be,
You'd better be tumbling your Gold than me.
Fal, &c.

Should I yield to lye by that wrinkled Face,
With that Fuzzy Beard, 'twould my Youth
(disgrace,

For I'm a young Woman both jolly and free,
 So none can but a young Man can pleasure me.

Fal, &c. Old Man.

Go, go, you Wag, I care not a Fig,
 Come, come, my Honey, let's dance a Jig;
 Tho' you are so merry, so jolly and free,
 I'm sure I can play with your C——ey.

Fal, &c.

See how I do shake in e'ry Joint,
 And if you deny me, I shall faint;
 I cannot forbear I must hug and kiss,
 Come let me be doing my pretty Miss.

Fal, &c.

Young Woman.

To kiss an old Man, is a strange Sight,
 But to kiss a young Man it breeds Delight,
 They please young Women by Night and by day
 Therefore you old Fumbler stand away.

Fal, &c.

For if I should yield to be your Bride,
 You must expect to be hornify'd;
 And then as the People they do pass by,
 There goes a Whore, and a Cuckold they cry.

Fal, &c.

Old Man.

Good lack! what a soft Belly is here,
 I wish I'd that pretty Thing that lies near;
 I faith I will catch you, you shan't deny,
 And as for the Horn Love, what care I.

Fal, &c.

Ods-bobs you young Rogue, don't me provoke
 You quickly shall find, although you Joke,
 What 'tis I can do, would you but me prove,
 The Proof of the Pudding's in eating Love.

Fal, &c.

Young

Young Woman.

Pish, take off your Hand, stand farther off,
 You shall not be catching of me old Cuff,
 If I yield to you, what would young Men say,
 They'd flout me unto my dying Day.

Fal, &c.

No, I would not for a thousand Pound,
 That with an old Man I should be found,
 Either kissing, or billing, or feeling no,
 Your crafty old Noddle shan't serve me so.

Fal, &c.

Old Man.

Oh, never talk so, for your tempting Eye,
 Brings me in the Humour to get a Boy;
 Come give me your Answer, and never deny,
 And grant me that Bliss now before I die.

Fal, &c.

Young Woman.

You crave for a Bliss but shall have none,
 My Love unto young Men shall be shown,
 Take off your Hands old Man, pray be gone,
 So come away young Man, enjoy your own.

Fal, &c.

3d. *A comical Dialogue between a rich old Woman
 of 80, and a brisk young Man of 25.*

Tune of, Dearest Dickey.

AN Old Woman, as I heard tell,
 she lately would a courting go,
 To a young Man that in Town does dwell,
 a jolly handsome Beau:
 Her Hair she Powder'd, and wash'd her Face,
 and don'd on Sunday's high Pole Hat,

Smug'd

Smug'd up her self for an Embrace,
and I do not know what:

She smil'd in his Face and told him her Mind;
She shew'd him a Purse with Gold well lin'd,
Crying, Pray, Sir, dear Sir, good Sir, be to an old
(*Woman kind.*)

The young Man made her this reply,
Old Woman, farther stand I pray,
I'm not in Humour, no, not I,
for to be kiss'd to Day:

I value not your Golden Purse,
me in the Mind it will not bring,
It is in vain to tempt me thus,

I cannot do the Thing;
What would the World say, if I so should do,
Young Women will laugh and banter me too,
So fy, stand off old Woman, for I cannot fancy you.
A Word she whisper'd in his Ear,
then kiss'd and hug'd him in her Arms,
She chuck'd his Chin, and said my Dear,
you have a thousand Charms,
So lusty, proper, stout and strong,
so handsome, youthful brisk and gay,
But yet for something else I long,
but what I'm ashamed to say:

I need not name it, you know my Mind,
To hug you close, to me I am inclin'd,
O Lord Sir, pray Sir, good Sir, be to an old Wo-
(*man kind.*)

Said he, How do you think that I,
can love that wither'd wrinkled Face,
With ne're a Tooth, and scarce an Eye,
and cold in every Place;

Don't

Don't pull and hawl me, pray stand off,
let go my Hand, and civil be:

Your stinking Breath, and hecking Cough,
have almost poyson'd me:

And therefore be gone, 'tis in vain to woe,
My Youth and your Age will never do:

So fy, stand by, old Woman, for I cannot fancy
(you,

I own that I have three Husbands had,
and Fourscore Years of Age I am,
Yet methinks I am not so bad,
but I can love a Man:

I vow I feel no Ach nor Pain,
no Stich nor Cramp in any Part,

My Blood runs warm in every Vein,

I long for't with my Heart;

I'm just in the Humour, I'm just in the Mind,

And what I can do, you shall quickly find,

O Lord Sir, pray Sir, good Sir, be to an old Wo-
(man kind.

Having said this, she fell along,
and to her pull'd this gentle Youth,

Crying, Altho' that I am not young,

I still have a Colt's Tooth;

Pity a poor old Woman's Case,

you shan't, you must not me deny:

Take all I have for one Embrace,
one Bout before I die.

With that he run from her, and she behind,

Did run hopping after as we do find,

Crying, Lord Sir, pray Sir, good Sir, be to an old
10 JU 52 (Woman kind.